NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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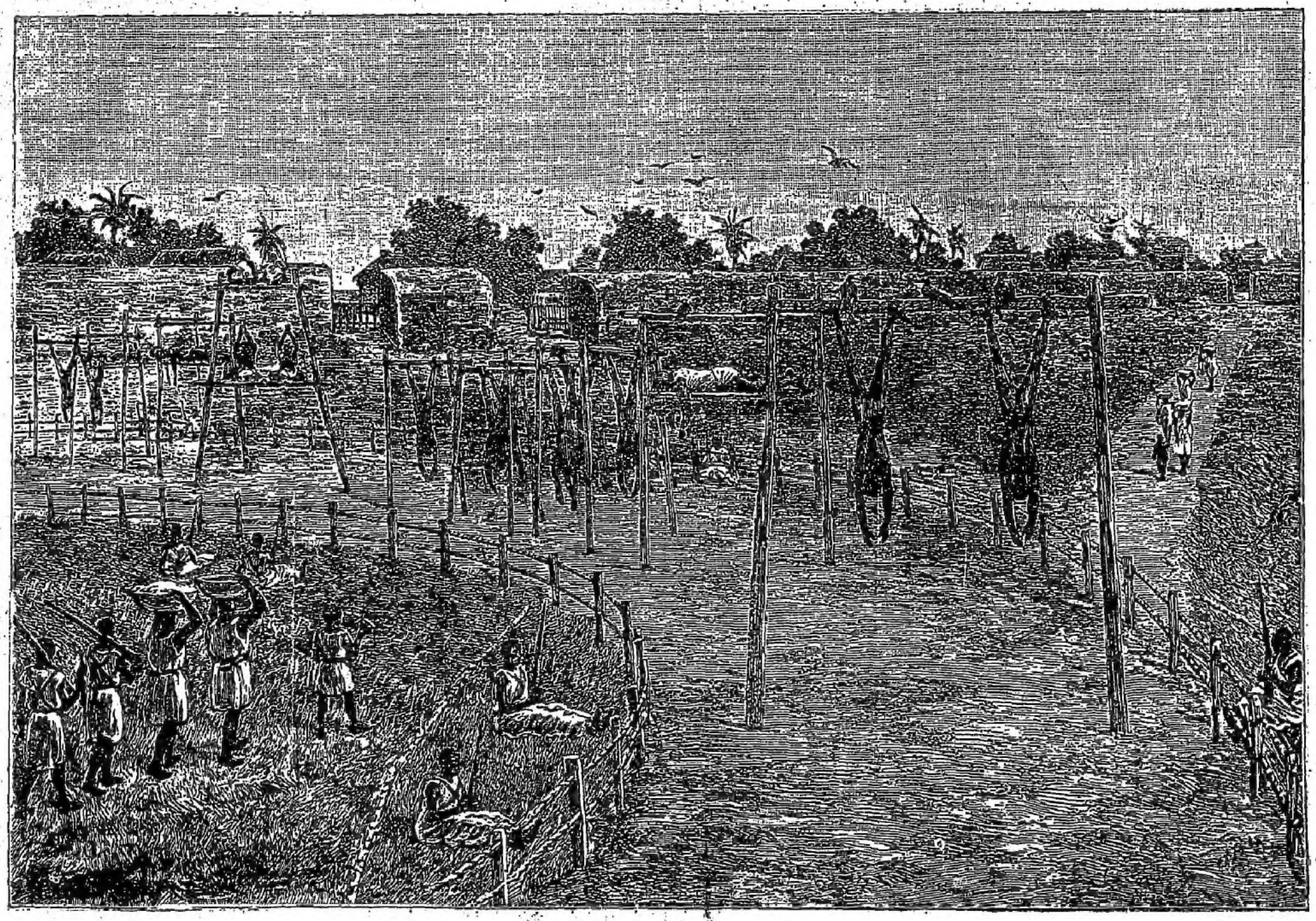
WHERE THE GOSPEL IS NEEDED.

With so much talk about mission work in all our churches in these days, one is sometimes tempted to think that by this time the world is pretty well evangelized. From such a comfortable delusion, one receives a pretty sharp awakening when one sees in the current newspapers descriptions by an eye witness of horrors in Dahomey.

Whenever the "Grand Customs" are held, says the writer, a number of victims are sacrificed to the *manes* of Dahomey. These unlucky wretches are usually prisoners of war, or, failing them, criminals. They are stunned with a club and then hung up in various positions or seated squat-fashion upon gallows which are erected in the Uhunglo market, just outside the principal Abomey gate. The day after this fearful exhibition is made in the market-place, a similar one is held within the palace, in which the Amazons are the executioners, and vie with their male partners in the dexterity with which they slaughter the victims. At these times two messages to the dead kings are sent through the media of decapitated men and women, who receive a few cowries and a little rum and plantain to support them on their journey to the Dahomean Hades.

The cut is from a sketch by an Englishman who resided there for nearly twelve months.



PRISONERS SACRIFICED TO THE GOD OF WAR IN THE UHUNGLO MARKET, ABOMEY.

"BARBARA FREITCHIE."

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH TELLS HOW WHITTIER CAME TO WRITE THE POEM.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the popular novelist, lives in a picturesque house on the heights of Georgetown, overlooking the Potomac. The authoress, who was a life-long friend of John G. Whittier, told the reporter to-day an interesting story of her connection with the writing of the Quaker poet's famous ballad of "Barbara Freitchie.

"In Sept[illegible] worth, "[illegible] bor of mi[illegible] and myse[illegible] son's rai[illegible] year and his passage through Frederick, telling us how old Barbara Freitchie, a connection of Mr. Ramsburg, hung out from her window the Stars and Stripes, and how they were shot down. If I remember rightly, Barbara was at the time more than ninety years old.

"The town was about equally divided between sympathizers with the Union and the Confederacy. Barbara was a staunch Unionist, and when, on hearing of the approach of Stonewall Jackson and his army, the Unionists of the town hid their flags, the brave old lady nailed a small American flag to a staff and placed it at her window. Jackson came riding in at the head of his men and, seeing the flag, ordered them to shoot it down. They did so and the flag fell. It was then that Barbara caught the flag up and, leaning far out of her window, waved it high above Jackson's head, crying out to him: 'Shoot [illegible] you dare, but spare the flag.' Jackson halted, looked up at the brave old [illegible]dy, and to the everlasting glory of the [illegible] and soldier, ordered his men to 'march on.' That was about the way the incident was related to me by Mrs. Ramsburg," said Mrs. Southworth, "and upon my son remarking: 'What a grand subject for a poem by Whittier, mother,' I sat down and wrote to Mr. Whittier, telling him the story and acquainting him with my son's suggestion. I received an early reply, which was as follows:

"AMESBURY, 9 mo., 8th, 1863.

"MY DEAR MRS. SOUTHWORTH:—I heartily thank thee for thy very kind letter and its enclosed "message." It ought to have fallen into better hands, but I have just written out a little ballad of "Barbara Freitchie," which will appear in the next *Atlantic*. If it is good for anything thee deserve all the credit of it. I wish I could accept thy kind invitation to thy pleasant cottage home, but I am too much of an invalid to undertake the journey. I thank thee none the less, however, for asking me. I shall go there in imagination if I cannot otherwise.

"With best wishes for thy health and happiness, I am, most truly thy friend,

"JOHN WHITTIER."

"We corresponded for many years," continued Mrs. Southworth, "and when I sent him the story of 'Barbara Freitchie,' I wrote him that I considered it a message [illegible] the spirit world. Barbara died, if I

remember correctly, shortly after the incident related, and therefore never had the pleasure of reading Mr. Whittier's beautiful lines, which first appeared, I think, in the *Atlantic* of October, 1863."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A RESPONSIBLE WORK.

We are seeing more clearly that he who undertakes to teach divine things, whether in the pulpit or the Sunday-school, has taken a duty of the greatest responsibility. The consequences are momentous. The schools are purging themselves of the teacher who comes to pass away an idle hour; of the teacher who uses the Sunday-school to make acquaintances; the teacher who goes to oblige the superintendent; and, I hope, of the teacher who goes in the spirit of dull, unpleasant, wearisome, but necessary duty; the teacher who does not feed the lambs entrusted to him, but gives them the dry husks of religious platitudes. Such teachers would do the Church a service by staying away; for the children would get less harm by being untaught than by being disgusted.

There is the ignorant Christian, the man who neither reads nor thinks; he believes that nothing is wanted but exhortation. Instruction he cannot give. It may seem hard to say, but this man is really out of place, for he may be doing harm that would grieve him, if he only knew it. It would sadden him if he thought that the impression he gave his class was that the week-day teachers were educated, able men and women; but that the Sunday-school teacher was a poor thing, making blunders which even the children recognized. He would be sorry to create the impression that religion was rather a stupid thing, for any one was good enough to teach it. It would sadden him to hear his own ignorance contrasted with the knowledge of the secular teacher, who perhaps did not care to conceal his disbelief in revealed religion. What must be the child's conclusion, but that his Sunday-school teacher believed the Bible because he was not clever. A state of feeling may be induced by the clumsy and ignorant handling of God's Word, which found expression in the schoolboy's definition of faith. "Faith," said he, "is believing what you know isn't true." And then consider the loss incurred. The lesson could have been made so interesting; something that was to recur to the child's mind with pleasure. But the poor thing was only bored. Interest is catching. If we take a true interest in our work, those that hear us will get interested too. It is said of the present Duke of Devonshire that he once yawned in the middle of his own speech; it was so utterly uninteresting to himself! Do we ever yawn mentally in our teaching.

It is possible I may meet with the objection that, after all, spiritual instruction is the object of our teaching, and that therefore spiritual preparation is the only thing needful. "I speak," he may say, "the wisdom of God, and not in words which man's wisdom teacheth." Now, of course, it is quite true that the highest knowledge and the cleverest teaching are in themselves utterly powerless to change the heart. Better a thousand times that an ignorant believer should find employment in the Sunday-school, than the brilliant sceptic. But I have assumed that in any case the teacher is himself taught of God. But because this is essential, it does not follow that it is sufficient. "God is not dependent on your learning," said an unlearned man to a student. "True my friend; neither is he dependent on your ignorance." He is not dependent on us in any way; but Scripture, reason, and experience alike show that it is part of his plan to use instruments. The conspicuous figure of the Old Testament was Moses, a man skilled in all the learning of the most learned country of the age. Paul, the most highly cultured of the apostles, takes the largest share in carrying out his Master's commission: "Go and teach." The whole course of God's dealings with man shows that he will never work miracles to encourage our sloth, negligence, or indifference. "Till I come," said Paul to young Timothy, "give heed to reading, to exhortation, to teaching." And again, "Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." And our Saviour likens the scribe—that is, the educated man—who is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, to the householder which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old—new truths or new aspects and developments of old truths, while even the old truths which seem to have been thoroughly explored are cast into new moulds, and have new illustrations and fresh applications.

The ideal teacher—I have not seen him yet!—explains the meaning of the passage and its connection with the other parts of Scripture. He has made himself acquainted with the times, the manners and customs, modes of thought, government, and civilization of the people of the time of the writer. He explains the influence of climate and surroundings on the people. He describes the dress, habitations, implements and mode of warfare. He presents vivid pictures of the story to the class, so that the persons become real, and are loved or hated, scorned or admired. He explains difficult passages, showing that the difficulty in some cases is only on the surface, arising out of the continual change that is going on in a living language. In other cases he may indicate where the solution may be found, and may take the opportunity of showing the necessary limits of our understanding by calling attention to the mysteries of life. His knowledge of the Scriptures enables him to quote parallel passages, and to show a truth now in the germ, and now more fully developed. His knowledge of nature and science gives him a wealth of illustration—the metamorphoses of insects, the mysterious instinct of animals, the wonders of the microscope on the one hand and the telescope on the other. These are but a few of the treasures at his command.

But in addition to teaching there is the benefit of intercourse with an educated person—true, indefinable culture, the unpurposed but effectual teaching of intercourse. A child grows up respecting his teacher, and therefore respecting what the teacher respects. The teacher is adorning, and not casting a slur on his faith.—*Presbyterian (London).*

BITS OF ADVICE TO GIRLS.

WHAT TO AVOID.

A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagances in conversation—such phrases as "awfully this," "beastly that," "loads of time," "don't you know," "hate" for "dislike," etc.

Such exclamations of annoyance, surprise, and joy, such as "bother!" "gracious!"—"how jolly!" Yawning when listening to any one.

Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music you cannot execute with ease.

Crossing your letters.

Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-toned voice.

The art of pleasing those around you, and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage, a sound body.

A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them, thus avoiding giving offence through not recognizing nor bowing to people, not saying to them what had best be left unsaid.

The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke.—*Harper's Young People.*

POISONED PAPER.

There has seldom occurred a more striking proof of the poisonous qualities of the innocent looking roll of paper called a cigarette than was shown last week in Ohio. A promising young lawyer from Washington, detained for a time in the town of Peebles, near Cincinnati, whiled away the time by smoking twelve boxes of cigarettes. The powerful poison took prompt effect, and the next morning the brilliant young man was found dead. If every boy or man who smoked these dangerous rolls were to use a *dozen* packages at once, there would be no need of preaching against cigarettes. Men would rise in prompt horror against the tobacco-dealers. But what they seem unable to understand is that the poison does its deadly work when taken in small quantities as when taken in large amounts, only more slowly. Just as truly as the drunkard, the smoker puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, and, finally, his life. For though smokers may die from a thousand diverse diseases, and even in old age, in every case they die before their time. The old proverb has it that procrastination is the thief of time, but, on many accounts, procrastination must share the fame with tobacco.—*Golden Rule.*

AN INNER MEANING.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamt it, ah, well it matters not.
It is said that in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wondrous music that rings.
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life—
If thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me.
Let us look in our hearts and question, can pure hearts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin.
So then, let us ponder a little—let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.—JANUARY 29, 1893.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD.—Zech. 4:1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."—Zech. 4:6.

HOME READINGS.

M. Zech. 4:1-14.—The Spirit of the Lord.
T. Zech. 6:1-15.—Christ's Temple and Kingdom Foreshown.
W. Zech. 8:1-23.—The Restoration of Jerusalem.
Th. Ezekiel 36:21-38.—I Will Put My Spirit Within You.
F. Luke 11:1-13.—The Holy Spirit to Them that Ask.
S. John 16:1-15.—The Work of the Spirit.
S. Gal. 5:13-26.—The Fruit of the Spirit.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Golden Candlestick. vs. 1-3.
II. The Power that Works. vs. 4-7.
III. The Promise of Completion. vs. 8-10.

TIME.—B.C. 519, January or February; Darius Hystaspes king of Medo-Persia; Zerubbabel governor of Judah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Our lesson passage to-day contains a vision seen by the prophet and its interpretation by the angel. It was intended to encourage Zerubbabel in the work of rebuilding the temple, by impressing upon him the truth that it should be accomplished not by human might or power, but by the Spirit of God.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

I. *The angel*—the same as in the last lesson. *Waked me*—roused me. 2. *A candlestick*—the Church, the appointed light-bearer in a dark world. *Bowl*—a cup or basin containing oil. *Lamps*—God's people, lights in the world. *Seven pipes*—to convey oil to the lamps, indicating the number and variety of the channels by which God's grace is communicated. 3. *Two olive trees*—the source of the oil by which the lamps are supplied. 6. *Unto Zerubbabel*—for his special encouragement. *Not by might*—not by thy own strength. *Nor by power*—nor by authority from others. *But by my Spirit*—the Holy Spirit, the author of moral energy in men. 7. *O great mountain*—obstacles that seem to block up the way. *A plain*—all shall be removed. 10. *Who hath despised the day of small things?*—Who that hopes to accomplish anything great despises the day of humble beginnings? The time passing while the temple was restored was a day of small things. *With those seven*—Revised Version, "Even those seven." *The eyes of the Lord*—the all-seeing providence of God, which watches the progress of the kingdom.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What practical lessons did you learn from it? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE GOLDEN CANDLESTICK. vs. 1-3.—Who came to the prophet? What did the angel ask? Describe what was seen. In the candlestick, the bowl, the seven pipes, the oil, the olive trees?

II. THE POWER THAT WORKS. vs. 4-7.—What was the message to Zerubbabel? How did the mountain become a plain? What is the meaning of verse 7? What is the cap-stone that is foretold of Zerubbabel? What are the outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicates to us the benefits of redemption? How is the word made effectual to salvation? How do the sacraments become effectual means of salvation?

III. THE PROMISE OF COMPLETION. vs. 8-10.—What further revelation was given to the prophet? Who had laid the foundation of the temple? Whose hands should finish it? What made the success of the work certain?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. It is not by human might or power, but by God's Spirit, that God's work is accomplished.
2. We should not be discouraged by difficulties nor alarmed by opposition.
3. Faith will remove mountains and make them a plain.
4. The day of small things oftimes leads to the day of great things.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did the prophet see? Ans. A golden candlestick silently supplied with oil from two olive trees.
2. For what purpose was the vision given? Ans. To encourage the Jews in the work of building the temple.
3. How did the angel interpret it? Ans. As the lamps were supplied with oil in a secret, invisible manner, so difficulties would be removed and the temple finished, not by human force and power, but by the secret operation of God's Spirit upon the hearts of men.
4. What did the angel say of Zerubbabel? Ans. He shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it.
5. What further assurance was given? Ans. The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 5, 1893.

DEDICATING THE TEMPLE.—Ezra 6:14-22.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—Psalm 122:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Chron. 6:1-23.—The First Temple Dedicated.
T. 2 Chron. 6:24-42.—The Prayer of Dedication Continued.
W. 2 Chron. 7:1-22.—The Dedication Accepted.
Th. Ezra 6:14-22.—The Second Temple Dedicated.
F. Psalm 122:1-9.—Love for the House of the Lord.
S. Psalm 84:1-12.—Longing for the Courts of the Lord.
S. 1 Cor. 3:1-23.—"Ye are the Temple of God."

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Temple Finished. vs. 14, 15.
II. The Temple Dedicated. vs. 16-18.
III. The Passover Kept. vs. 19-22.

TIME.—B.C. 515, March, April; Darius Hystaspes king of Medo-Persia; Zerubbabel governor of Judah; Tatnai Persian governor of Syria and Palestine.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, the city only partially rebuilt.

OPENING WORDS.

The Jews, encouraged and incited by the words of Haggai and Zechariah, set themselves heartily to the work of rebuilding the temple, and in four years' time, in the sixth year of Darius, it was completed, twenty years after it was begun.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

14. *Builded*—the temple. *Artaxerxes*—not the king mentioned in chapter 4:7, but Artaxerxes Longimanus, who appears in Ezra 7:7. 15. *The month Adar*—which began with the new moon of March. *Sixth year*—B.C. 515, twenty years after the foundations were laid. 17. *Twelve he goats*—one for each tribe; a proof that the returned "children of the captivity" regarded themselves as the representatives of all Israel. 19. *Kept the passover*—at the appointed time. 20. *Were purified*—by the ceremonial purifications required by the law. 21. *Such as had separated themselves*—these were descendants of the Jews who had remained in the land when the rest of the nation had been carried away captives. 22. *The king of Assyria*—Darius, the king of Persia, which included Assyria.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When were the foundations of the temple laid? How was the work hindered? When was it resumed? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE TEMPLE FINISHED. vs. 14, 15.—What did the Jews do? Who encouraged them? Under whose command did they act? When was the temple finished? How long after the foundation was laid?

II. THE TEMPLE DEDICATED. vs. 16-18.—Who kept the dedication? How did they keep it? Why did they rejoice? What offerings were made? What provision was made for the temple service?

III. THE PASSOVER KEPT. vs. 19-22.—What feast did the people observe? What is said of the priests and the Levites? Who besides the returned exiles kept the passover? What gave the people so much joy in its observance? Of what was the passover a memorial?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should separate ourselves from the pollution of the world.
2. We should purify our hearts from wickedness.
3. We should consecrate ourselves as temples for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.
4. We should serve the Lord with gladness.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. When was the building of the temple finished? Ans. In the sixth year of the reign of Darius; twenty years after its foundations were laid.
2. How was it dedicated? Ans. The children of the captivity kept the dedication with joy, with sacrifice and songs of praise.
3. What feast was observed? Ans. They kept the passover upon the fourteenth day of the first month.
4. Who united in keeping the feast? Ans. Those who came out of captivity and those who had separated themselves from the defilement of the heathen.
5. With what spirit did they observe the passover? Ans. They kept the feast with joy, for the Lord had made them joyful.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE SPIRIT OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MARY E. SPENCER.

A little girl sits before me in the middle of a large rug playing with toys. It is a curious sight. She finds a vast pleasure in what to me seems insignificant. Out of the play room she has brought a vast number of fragments of all sorts of mechanisms, of trumpets, mouth organs and other musical instruments; pieces of engines and broken trains of cars; blocks that belonged at one time in well-designed block houses. Just now her fingers and eyes are busy with the smokestack of a "Wredens engine." I remember how my now 11-year-old boy teased for that engine. I did not like a steam explosive about; but at last was weak enough to yield. I bought the engine, and heard the steam phiz for a few weeks. No accident occurred, and I had quite forgotten the toy. But here it is, pulled to pieces, I presume to use parts of it for some other invention.

Don't let us whine over broken toys, or toys pulled to pieces. Don't you see how that girl studies the pieces? There is not a whole toy in the lot; or if there is she has taken small interest in it. What squeaks come from that mouth organ! It has not five keys in order! I hope she will not strike that bunged drum! No, she will not, for her best attention is given to scraps and parts.

Every house should have a little bedlam, a room given over to misrule; a place where the young ones may go and not be compelled to take care of other folks' notions and play other folks' ideas. That is what we older folks do. We are never half so prim as we try to make our children. We don't acknowledge it, but we pull things to pieces a great deal; and when we don't do that, we pull people to pieces—and call it criticism.

Whew! My little Buzz Fuzz has flown; with a shout she has run upstairs to her brothers with some old envelopes. The German nurse of my neighbor has come in and flung down a bunch of French and German and Italian letters—and the young ones are, in a moment, wild over the stamps. The stamp craze is of the same sort as the broken toys. They are pasted together in rows, and finally, perhaps, an idea gets born. It is a puzzle to know just how much of what is done ends in the toy state—or the broken-toy state. But suppose Miss Gladys does no more than truly enjoy herself with her bric-a-brac—I beg your pardon for the comparison—is that not also just about what the rest of us do?

I think we may or will keep all the old toys and pieces of toys—that is, if we can make room for them. I didn't use to think so, but made an annual or semi-annual clear up. At last I noticed that an old broken baby's chair had served three boys, one after another, to push about and get no end of occupation with; then old toys began to have a sacredness in my eyes. Dolls' heads with a hole in the top and lacking one eye are as acceptable, when dressed over, as the best perfect doll just out of the shop. A child has something more than a fancy for bright, new things. She has sympathies, and a battered doll as "Poor Susie," calls out the child's tenderest emotions.

Teaching order and system and art may fairly come on more slowly. Those are only selection and method. The one thing after all is to know how to make much of whatever we have and to use it joyously. This the child does if let alone. The child is not only "father of the man," but mother of the woman.—*Jennes Miller.*

KEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN.

It is not long since it was considered indispensable to have the regular spring and fall house-cleaning, when for days, and sometimes weeks, chaos reigned from attic to cellar; and at the end of all the weary housewife sat down amid the unnatural cleanliness, feeling two years older, and congratulating herself that she would not have to go through with it again for at least three or four months.

Later housekeepers have found that the better way is to scatter this work along through the year in such a way that one's house can be always clean and yet one need never know the trials of this wholesale house-cleaning. Those who cling to the old way have been heard to say, "It's so good to feel that for once everything in the house is clean;" but it is certainly better to always feel that nothing in the house is dirty. The regular weekly cleaning, which it is necessary to give to most rooms, should be done with great thoroughness, dusting pictures and furniture front and back, cleaning mirrors, brasses, and windows until perfect freshness and brightness is their natural condition. Then once every few months, before the need of it is quite apparent, the weekly cleaning may be supplemented by wiping off the woodwork and the walls, polishing the floor, if it is hard wood, or taking up the carpet, if the room is carpeted.

Never attempt to give this supplementary cleaning to more than one room at a time; the extra time spent will not be more than an hour or two, and the rooms will be more continuously clean than under the confusion and labor of the old system.

If the room chances to be a large one and the carpet heavy and troublesome to lay, it may be taken up one week and the woodwork wiped off the next. This may seem a shiftless way of doing to those housekeepers who expect at house-cleaning time to have clouds of dust from carpets and furniture and walls. But in easy housekeeping such clouds of dust are never allowed to accumulate. If the weekly cleaning is properly done, in accordance with the suggestions given, and the more extensive cleaning is done carefully and systematically, it will seem more a preventive of an accumulation of dirt than a means of removing it; and she who tries this plan will learn, to her relief, that in housekeeping, as much as in medicine, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

The only accumulation of dust which cannot be prevented is that which sifts through the carpets; but even this need not pervade the whole room, if it is carefully removed. Before the carpet is laid in the first place, have the floor well covered with clean paper. When the carpet is to be taken up, fold it gently after the tacks are removed, and carry it out, not drag it; then roll the paper with the dust in it, and carry it away with care; the floor will be left clean and free from dust, except the little that may have sifted in around the edges of the carpet, which should be wiped up with a damp cloth at once.

The treatment of the attic and cellar should not be different from that of the other parts of the house. No methodical, easy housekeeping can go on when there are accumulations of trash and dirt and dust, above or below, which must be periodically cleared out, scattering its particles through the air, and wearying the housewife until she is not in condition to easily meet the duties of the morrow. The attic should be nothing more than a closet for things which are not in frequent use, and should be kept as any other closet is; and the cellar, for reasons of health, as well as convenience, should have almost daily inspection, and always be kept as clean as the kitchen cupboard.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

WINDOW CLEANING.

Choose a clear, dry but not sunny day (windows cleaned in bright sunlight are very apt to dry streaky); have plenty of clean cloths, and of pure cold water; the window is then rapidly washed down and dried with a soft old cloth, first inside and then out, and finally rubbed with a leather. Indeed, some persons use a leather even for washing the glass. Of course, a wet day is not good for this cleaning, and a frosty one is naturally more objectionable still.

Now judge of the following plan: To begin with, have the windows thoroughly dusted every day, when the rest of the room is done—window-sills, ledges, sashes and all; the gas burned in the room gives off carbon, alias smut, so, of course, in winter does the fire; and this, together with the dust, all lodges in the window. Naturally this is specially the case in winter—a time when window cleaning is particularly inconvenient; now, unless in the case of fogs, the inside of the window is far and away dirtier than the outside, so it stands to reason that if the windows are thoroughly dusted regularly they will not require to be washed or cleaned nearly so frequently. When the cleaning is inevitable, have ready a muslin bag full of whiting, and two wash-leathers. Dust the glass thickly with the whiting, then rub it off thoroughly with a damp—not wet—leather, and finally polish well with a clean, dry one. This is the method pursued by workmen when cleaning the windows of a new house, and gives a polish unknown to the glass washed in the ordinary way. Another excellent method for giving brilliancy to glass is to damp a rag with spirits of wine, rub the glass well with this, and then polish as before with a clean, dry leather.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

Plan your work in your brain; then let your brain rest, and it will be again ready for work when your body is tired and its work is done.

Cultivated women do not work with the same good results physically as peasant women, for the latter work with their minds free from all thoughts but of their work, while the former often work wishing they were anywhere but where they are; or if not this, still their minds are working in many different lines of thought.

When you find you are not taking things one at a time and simply, and therefore there is confusion and fatigue, stop short!

Take ten minutes' rest, lie down with thought of your weight only and you will be astonished at the results. Everything will clear, and you will start fresh, as if after a good sleep. The day that is the most full of pressing care is the day when you cannot afford not to take at least one such rest.

To prevent this confusion cut off each duty from its successor; begin anew with each task and get in a deep, slow breath before each change of work.

These are the simplest directions, but if followed they will surely prolong the lives of all our faithful housekeepers and a set of fresher faced old ladies will grandmother the next generation.—*Boston Herald.*

THE EMERGENCY BOX.

Every housekeeper ought to have a deep drawer, or a large box or trunk, expressly furnished for sickness. It might be called her "emergency box." When a sudden accident occurs it is more than annoying to have the delay of searching after a piece of linen to bind up a wound, or pieces of flannel to wring out in hot water for a suffering patient, or a bag to put a mush poultice in. All such things should be in readiness—the flannel should be cut in convenient pieces, bags of two or three sizes made of linen, strong cotton, and flannel, and old kid cut in shape for spreading on salve. Fine soft muslin is often wanted to spread over a mustard poultice, and cotton batting (the antiseptic is best) is another important article. Old, soft sheets, and some pillow-cases, ought always to be kept on hand; also it is well to have one or two old night-dresses and night-shirts kept for each member of the family. If the drawers or box be partitioned off, one compartment might be furnished with a case of ready-made mustard plasters, a quart bottle of bathing rum or alcohol, and small bottles of ammonia, camphor, paregoric, and castor oil. Old-fashioned remedies these, but nevertheless, remedies which never lost their reputation in time of need; and armed with these, and with the "emergency box" furnished as above suggested, sudden illness in a family may be relieved without calling in a physician. —*Exchange.*

TEACH THE GIRLS A TRADE.

Mary A. Allen, M.D., speaking of the wisdom of teaching every girl some trade or business, says: "The knowledge acquired in the trade or profession may not be actually needed in the home life, but the mental qualities developed by the acquirement of this knowledge will come in play, and reverses of fortune may occur which will render it needful again to bring into use the money-making ability. I do not believe that the wife and mother should be the bread-winner under any but the greatest stress of need: but the knowledge that the wife has the ability to be self-supporting may render her less under the dominion of a brutal husband, by compelling his respectful deference to her wishes and opinions. The subserviency born of ignoble fear or of ignorant helpfulness is no compliment to man; while the love, the respect and unselfish devotion of an intelligent, cultured, independent woman is something of which any man may be justly proud."

A GRACEFUL HANGING POCKET.

BY LAURA WHITTEN.

Now that ladies' dresses are made so that a pocket is almost an impossibility, a hanging pocket, made of a shade of silk to correspond with the dress, is very pretty and stylish. Crochet over thirty-five brass rings with knitting silk the desired shade and color, and sew them together, making a square five wide and five long; then across the bottom of this square sew four, three, two, one, making the rings terminate in a point. Around the point tie in a fringe three inches long. Now make a square pocket of silk or cloth to match the silk, the size of the square of twenty-five rings, and fasten on the back. In this way you have a double pocket, as a fancy handkerchief shows off prettily through the rings, and the back pocket may be used for loose change or smaller pocket belongings. At the two upper corners sew one-half yard of No. 4 or 5 ribbon. This should be attached to the skirt band under the basque, at the left side. These pockets make very acceptable gifts.—*Home Journal.*

CALLING A HALT.

"I cannot imagine why I am so tired all the time. It seems to me that I do very little," said a woman, dragging herself to a chair and sitting down wearily.

"How many times a day do you go up and down stairs?" inquired a friend. The house was in a city, high and narrow, with four long stairways, three of which intervened between the kitchen and the mother's "own room."

"Why, not very often; I don't know. I have a good many errands about the house, here and there, and my impulse is usually to wait on myself. I suppose I spend a good deal of strength on the stairs; now that I think of it."

"And, pardon the suggestion, but you are always looking out for others so much and so generously, that others ought to look out for you; have you ever thought how often you are interrupted in the progress of a day? The ordering of the house is the first thing, but some trifle is forgotten, pepper or salt, flavor or seasoning, and you are consulted about that. Then your big boy comes to you with his necktie and his cuffs, and your four-year-old has pinched his finger, and needs comforting; your daughters have no end of affairs in which you must be the counsellor, and your husband leaves the weight of his perplexities and the irritability that grows out of his overwork on your ever-ready strength. Dear, it is not wonderful that you are tired! The wonder is that you rest so soon, after a nap, or a little time by yourself, coming out to the family made over again."

"But what can I do? All that you mention forms part of the every-day duty of a woman like myself, whose main work in the world is to keep her home happy and comfortable."

"Once in a while you might call a halt. You should pack a little bag, and run away for a three days' visit, leaving the housekeeping to the young shoulder, which will find it only a slight burden. It is an imperative duty, occasionally, to take care of one's capital, if one be a wife and a mother." In the interest of the rest, for the sake of the days that are coming, a matron must be provident of her own health, not suffering herself to drift into nervous prostration or wearisome invalidism.

There are graves not a few over which the inscription might be written, "Here lies Mary ——, the beloved wife of Theodore ——, tired to death." And in most cases the blame is not Theodore's, but Mary's own. She should have called a halt in time.—*Harper's Bazar.*

RECEIVING AND GIVING.

"Did you know, dear, that Mrs. Pierson has been sick for three or four days?"

"No; I had heard nothing of it."

"I thought you hadn't, or you would have said something about it. I have been told that she has been complaining a good deal because her pastor has not called on her in her illness."

"Why, how could I visit her when no one told me she was sick?" said the Rev. Mr. Florence, with a slight flush. "No doubt she sent word to her physician as soon as she was taken ill, but left her pastor to learn of it by accident; and now finds fault with him because he is not omniscient. I fear Mrs. Pierson is given to such inconsistency of conduct."

"Oh, yes, of course," agreed the minister's wife. "She is known as one of the chronic grumblers of the church. Her reputation is well established in that respect. In our Aid Society she is always getting her feelings lacerated, always thinking of herself, and often threatening to drop her name from our roll when things don't go her own way, though she hasn't done so yet."

"Is she willing to work when asked to?"

"No, she is always too busy, or not well enough. Yet when she is not placed on the most important committees or given the most prominent official position, she complains of being slighted. But never mind, dear," added Mrs. Florence, checking herself, "there are such people everywhere. One must bear with them, I suppose," with a sigh. "All of us have our besetting sins. We must do Mrs. Pierson all the good we can."

"You are a kind-hearted, sympathetic little woman, said the clergyman, stooping and printing a warm kiss on his wife's forehead; "always trying to overlook troublesome people's faults. Well, you are actuated by the true principle, the principle of the Gospel. I must go to see Mrs. Pierson at once, although I am far in arrears with my other work. She may be seriously ill," and he went to the wardrobe for his hat, overcoat, and gloves.

When he entered Mrs. Pierson's sick room he found her sitting up in a comfortable chair, convalescent, though looking slightly pale. Her indisposition had evidently not been very serious or of long continuance. She looked up at her pastor a little reproachfully, and the words with which she greeted him, as he took her hand, were these:

"Why, Brother Florence, you are almost a stranger! I thought you had forsaken us. I am afraid you are not a very good shepherd; you don't look as carefully as you ought after your sheep."

Mr. Florence was stung by this ungracious salutation, and felt the blood mounting to his temples, but he was a Christian gentleman, and restrained the impulse that prompted him to answer in a tone of rebuke. He merely said:

"Had I known of your illness I should have come at once. If you needed me, you should have sent for me as you did for your physician. It was only by an accident that I learned a half-hour ago that you were sick."

"Is that possible?" sighed the invalid, drawing her face in such a woe-begone way that she looked the very picture of neglected virtue. "Well, if you didn't hear of it before, I'll have to excuse you. But it just shows how selfish people are that they did not inform you sooner of my suffering condition. Here I've been sick for nearly a week—and I thought I should die the first few days—and yet no one in the church thought enough of me to send my pastor word. O dear! how selfish people are!"

"Did you instruct anyone to tell any of my people of your indisposition?" inquired Mr. Florence, looking at her a little keenly.

"No, of course not," the sick woman rejoined. "What's the use of belonging to a church if the members never keep track of one? I never was so neglected in my life. Would you believe me, Mr. Florence? Not one of your members has called on me since I was taken with this sickness—not one!" and her dark eyes flashed angrily. "Can you expect me to remain in a church where I have been treated with such shameful neglect? I think I shall withdraw from Harrison street church as soon as I am well—if I ever get well—and go where people are more thoughtful of others."

Had she been in a debilitated condition Mr. Florence would have borne all this abuse of his faithful people meekly and uncomplainingly; but her vehement speech proved that she had a good deal of vital energy, and would be in no danger of sustaining injury by listening to a little plain speaking.

The time had come to do that. He would strike while the iron was hot. Abuse of himself he would not have resented, but he could not silently give ear to such a tirade against his true and loyal people. For their sake, and the sake of the poor morbid woman before him, he resolved to tell the unvarnished truth, even at the risk of displeasing her.

"Mrs. Pierson," he said, in the clear, firm tone of which he was master, "you are doing injustice to your fellow-members, who, I feel persuaded, had not learned of your illness. All of them are busy people, and cannot spare the time to run into your house every day or two merely to inquire after your health, and you ought not to expect it of them. If you wanted them to come you should have conveyed the intelligence to them in some way. Besides, within the last few months there have been at least a dozen of my people on the sick list, one of them quite dangerously ill. Let me ask, Mrs. Pierson, how many of these have you called on?"

"Why—ahem!—ahem!" coughed the woman. "I haven't called on any of them. The fact is, I've been too busy, I couldn't; and then I didn't know they were sick."

"Did you make any effort to find out?" catechised the clergyman.

"Well, no; I didn't."

"Then why do you complain of neglect when you have yourself been so neglectful of others? There is Mrs. Butinger, for example, who has been a confirmed invalid for two years, and is now at the point of death. She only lives four blocks from here. Have you ever called on her?"

"I—I—believe not—"

"Besides," pursued Mr. Florence, having gotten started, "two months ago my own children were dangerously ill with the scarlet fever. Many of my parishioners came to the gate—we would not permit them to enter the house lest the disease should be spread—and made kindly inquiries and offered their help. Did you come near us during that trying period?"

"Oh, no!-I was afraid that I and my children might take the disease."

"Yes; all along you have been thinking of yourself, and not of others; you have been expecting to receive sympathy and help, but have withheld your own. If you neglect others they will forget you. That is human nature. Be kind and thoughtful of others, and, as a rule, they will pay you back in kind. I fear you have forgotten the precept of our Saviour, when he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive;' or, perhaps, you have reversed it."

The poor woman burst into tears, but I fear they were globules of self-pity rather than of repentance; for she murmured and sniffed: "It is very unkind of my pastor to lecture me in this way, and that when I'm sick, too! O dear! O dear!"

"I did not mean to be unkind," responded Mr. Florence, soothingly; "I spoke for your own good, as you will see by-and-by if you will remember my words."

With a brief prayer he quitted the house. His plain speaking was not without effect. Sooner than he had hoped it bore excellent fruitage. Six months later Mrs. Pierson was heard to say: "I never had so many kind friends as I have now, and it all comes because I have moved out of the land of 'Receive' into the paradise of 'Give.'"—*N. Y. Advocate.*

A CORONER'S INQUEST.

REV. JOHN MACKENZIE,

MISSIONARY AND STATESMAN.

If proof were needed of the many-sided nature of foreign mission work, and the diversified gifts sometimes required in its performance, the history and character of this eminent missionary would amply supply it. While saying this we fully admit that comparatively few missionaries are called on to adopt the course which Mr. Mackenzie has pursued, with such credit to himself as a Christian man and such benefits to those for whom he has worked so nobly and endured so much.

John Mackenzie was born at Knockando, N.B., in 1835. After a course of study at the London Missionary Society's Institution at Bedford, he was appointed to the mission which Dr. Livingstone proposed to establish among the Makololo, on the banks of the Zambesi river. Having married Miss Ellen Douglas, of Portobello, N.B., he sailed for Africa on June 6, 1858.

He is a man worth looking at. The closer you scrutinize his honest, manly face, and note the goodly proportions of his figure, the more you become impressed with the wisdom which selected him for African mission work, where ability and great powers of endurance are essentials to success. Every line of that seared brow tells of patient toil. Those watchful eyes shine with a calmness quite judicial, while his general attitude bespeaks a determination to suspend judgment until the subject under consideration has been thoroughly examined. Such a presence naturally inspires confidence. It is not a matter for wonder that the Bechuana chiefs should seek his aid in administering justice among their tribes, and that the people should willingly submit; or that, when stronger races surged across their borders and by craft settled on their land, that this missionary, who for twenty-five years had been their moral guide and spiritual father, should be appealed to for help and protection. It is from his action in helping the people to whom his life has been devoted, that an impression has arisen among many Christian friends that Mr. Mackenzie is a politician first and a missionary afterwards. The following references to his mission work may serve to correct this mistaken view of the matter.

The feelings of the young missionary as he first entered upon his work are best described in his own words:—

> In our quiet moments, when our minds were calmed and our souls hushed, a Presence stole upon us, and a Voice addressed us. . . . Those words thrilled our hearts as fresh and real utterances of the present: "Preach the Gospel to every creature; lo, I am with you alway." "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

Events were not propitious to the commencement of the proposed missions among the Matebele and the Makololo. The Transvaal Boers had been fighting the natives on their borders, and their Government sent a letter warning Dr. Moffat not to establish those missions until he had received the sanction of the president of their Republic. Before the Makololo Mission could be started the tribe had to be persuaded to migrate from the swamp in which they lived to the other side of the Zambesi, whence they had been driven by their enemies. Some of the brethren thought it right not to take their families until this was done. Both expeditions started; that for the Matebele under Dr. Moffat, and the other for the Makololo, led by Mr. Helmore; whilst Mr. Mackenzie was left in charge of Kuruman Station, and to take up supplies the following year. The year spent alone was eagerly used for active mission work; the language was mastered, and a further knowledge of medicine obtained.

The time soon came when supplies should be taken to the Makololo Mission, and Mr. Mackenzie left Kuruman on May 25, 1860. All the people were heartily sorry at his departure. The journey northwards was most trying. At several places he found traces of Mr. Helmore's expedition, and also heard rumors of disaster, which he refused to credit. The Bushmen and other desert tribes tried several times to divert him from what seemed to them a useless and dangerous journey. At length the Bushmen of Mokantse at Maila held a long conference, and by an astute manœuvre led Mr. Mackenzie to the river Zouga. There he met his colleague, Rev. Roger Price, with two of Mr. Helmore's children, the only survivors of the expedition, and learned from his lips the sad story of fever and death. He also learned that the Makololo were unwilling to do as Dr. Livingstone expected—viz., remove from Linyanti to the north bank of the Zambesi.

They partly retraced their steps to Cape Colony, and Mr. Mackenzie was appointed to Shoshong, the largest native town in Africa, where he spent fourteen years in active, eventful service. Attacks from the Matebele, and intrigues and fights between the chief Sekhome, his sons, and other chiefs, were of frequent occurrence. But the work of enlightenment went on apace. Through evil report and good report the steadfast missionary pursued his way.

In 1863 Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. John S. Moffat visited the wily old chief Moselekatse, at Inyati. This Matebele Mission had been established by Messrs. Sykes and Thomas, who went there in 1859 under the guidance of the veteran Dr. Moffat, for whom Moselekatse had a great regard. An interesting account of this people may be found in Mr. Mackenzie's book, "Day-dawn in Dark Places," published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. We regret we cannot closely follow this part of Mr. Mackenzie's career, or make more than passing mention of the Christian chief Khame, now the most powerful of the Bechuana chieftains. He has been called by Sir Charles Warren "one of nature's true gentlemen."

THE REV. JOHN MACKENZIE.

In 1872 Mr. Mackenzie commenced to train candidates for a Bechuana native ministry. This class of students was, in 1876, removed to Kuruman, where buildings have been erected for them, and called "The Moffat Institution." Mr. Mackenzie was appointed the Tutor, and also the pastor of the Kuruman church. He felt leaving Shoshong very much, and writes:—

> In my retirement I craved that wherever the lessons which I ventured to teach in the name of Christ fell short of what He Himself would have given at Shoshong, He would mercifully forgive and lead his servant into full obedience of his will.

Mr. Mackenzie, with his family, visited England in 1867. He again returned on furlough in 1882, when the course of public events compelled him to champion the cause of the natives against the freebooters and Boers, who were land-grabbing as fast as possible in Bechuanaland, in the absence of a regular government. It is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Mackenzie was the first to write about the praiseworthy traits in the Boer's character. Doubtless the success which has attended his policy owes much to the moderation and fairness with which he has urged it forward. This policy was that the whole of Bechuanaland should be taken under the protection of England, and that the same legal and political rights should be given to the black population as were enjoyed by the white men. It had the approval of all the missionary societies and of the Christian churches in South Africa, many members of the Episcopal church being his strongest supporters. The policy of those who oppose this is, step by step, to disfranchise the colored people, and to create two hostile parties in South Africa—a black and a white one.

A British protectorate was proclaimed, and Mr. Mackenzie was appointed by the British Government Deputy Commissioner in Bechuanaland. In March, 1884, he left England to carry out his peaceful projects. How far he succeeded, and the way in which he was thwarted, has been most ably told by him in the book, "Austral Africa: Losing it or Ruling it," issued by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. In consequence of the objections raised by the Colonial Ministry at Cape Town, and the Government of the Transvaal, to Mr. Mackenzie being retained as Deputy Commissioner, he resigned that position in August, 1884. A Special Commissioner, Sir Charles Warren, was then appointed by the British Government, and an armed force placed under him. Sir Charles succeeded in making his military expedition one of peace. In this he was assisted by Mr. Mackenzie, whom he had wisely asked to join him.

"We rejoice to know that progress is now being made in those territories where for so many years Mr. Mackenzie and his brethren have labored as messengers of the Gospel of peace. The natives also are glad to hear the new law proclaimed—viz., "The prairie lands are the Queen's, but the cultivated lands remain the possession of their native owners." Mr. Mackenzie affirms that the chief Khame spoke the views of all his followers when he said:—

> In that case the white men are welcome; let them come and bring rain with them; for we, too, shall be the children of the Queen, and she will give us sleep.

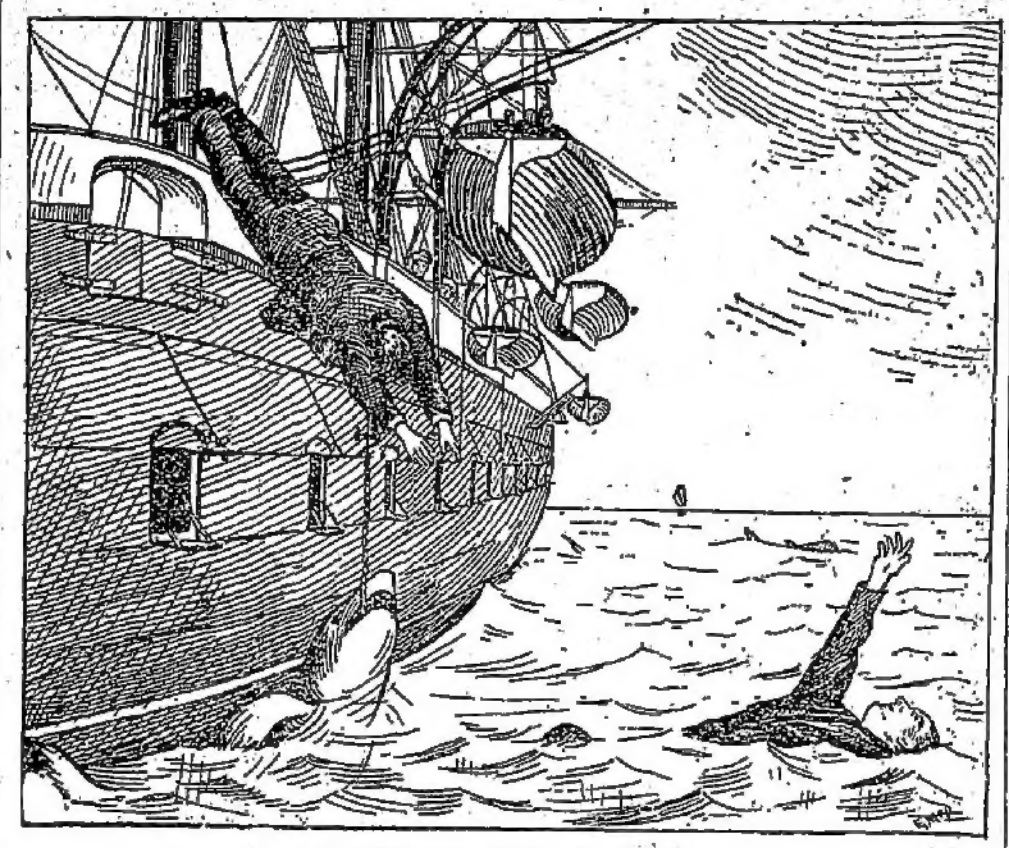
Who will venture to say, after reading Mr. Mackenzie's books, that he has in any sense turned aside from the way of God? He has preached the Gospel to the heathen, and taught them how to tell it to their neighbors. He has defended the weak against the strong. He has protected the native from the unjust aggressor, and, having done with all his might the work set by God for him to do, we know it is with "a conscience void of offence" that he says, in closing his latest book: "I have addressed myself to the humanity and love of justice, the wisdom and conscious strength of a great nation. I sow in good soil what I know to be good seed; and now leave its fructifying to Him from whom all growth comes"—*The Christian.*

THE VOX HUMANA STOP.

I went into a German church in one of the old quaint cities of the Middle Ages, as twilight-time was falling over the old buildings, to hear an organ. The building was dark as I entered it, for only a single candle struggled with the gloom that possessed the aisles and nave, the columns and arches, and old monuments, and made all things weird and spectral. Some hundred people sat there; and the strange thing began its wonderful work of sound, calling up all the faculties from their chambers—the watchmen of the soul—from their citadels and cells. How it groaned through the old building! How those wonderful sounds throbbed against the pillars and shook them, and rumbled along beneath our feet, and thrillingly and palpitatingly overhead among the arches. You know what an organ can do, how it can sigh, and shout, and storm and rage; and how it can madden, and how it can soothe. And then, when the wonderful creature I was listening to had poured out these preludes of its power, it began to utter some marvellous delirium of music, I think Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night;" it imposed on the imagination the whole scenery of a wild tempest—a storm of nature among heaths and mountains! The thunder rolled near and far among the crags; the rain hissed in the wind; the flash of the lightning went by you; the storm possessed—it overwhelmed you! The blasts of the tempests, and the bolts of the thunder were like giants striving together in night and solitude, while fear and terror, and awe and horror, held revelry and carnival. And then I will tell you what came—I had never heard it before—I thought it was a human voice. Amidst the hurricane on the organ it rose so clear, so calm, so ineffably restful and light, so high over the surges and the wailing of the rain, the thunder and the wind. It was the Vox Humana stop—that wondrous simulation—the human voice stop—the mightiest marvel of all the artifices of music; the storm continued, but still it sung on, and rose on the wings of light and of sound, over all the hurricanes that hurried from the pipes and the keys. Then I thought of the One Human Voice, ruling in time, and said, "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" "The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered his voice, the earth melted." Amidst the crash of thrones, peoples, and opinions; amidst panics, and horrors, and fears, and travails, one voice, and only one, has been heard—One Human Voice, able to sway all storms, to pierce to, and sing in the heavens, high above those lower regions where the tempests have their home. It is "He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth," who hath spoken unto us by his Son—the voice including every human chord: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." "Come unto me and I will give you rest." —*Paxton Hood's Dark Sayings.*

BEWARE OF PATENT MEDICINES.

Dr. Ezra M. Hunt, in a late number of the New York *Independent*, sounds a timely note of warning against alcoholic patent medicines. He quotes a list of such medicines, widely advertised and sold to all who can be induced to purchase, with the percentage of alcohol in each, as shown by careful analysis. "There can be no doubt," comments the *Medical Temperance Journal*, "that the use of such so-called medicines, largely self-prescribed, is the cause of great injury to thousands, and of the ruin, physical and moral, of many who become enslaved thereby to the destructive alcoholic appetite."



THE BRAVEST DEED OF A YEAR.

THE BRAVEST DEED OF A YEAR.

Lieutenant W. B. Huddleston, Royal Indian Marine, has been presented by Captain Hext, C.I.E., Bombay, in the presence of all the marine officers in port, with the Stanhope Medal for the most meritorious act in saving life in the previous year. The circumstances under which this act took place were as follows:—In December, 1890, the Marine Survey steamer "Investigator" was engaged in trawling, in 1,800 fathoms, in the Bay of Bengal. The officers and most of the ship's company happened at the time to be at breakfast, and Mr. Huddleston and the gunner of the ship, Mr. Peterson, along with a few lascars of the watch, were looking after the trawl. As the ship drifted with the trawl down, three large sharks appeared, swimming round the ship, on the look-out for anything that might be thrown overboard. In these circumstances it is the custom (not exclusively, perhaps, for the benefit of the Naturalist's Department) to put out the shark-line, and accordingly the gunner baited the shark-hook and shot it overboard. It was almost immediately gorged, and one of the sharks was hooked fast. It is no easy matter to haul on board a struggling shark weighing several hundredweights, and so the gunner, in accordance with tradition, brought forward a loaded rifle to shoot the unmanageable beast withal. But in the excitement of the moment, and in his anxiety to get as close as possible, the eager marksman fell overboard. By virtue of that curious paradox so commonly illustrated by sailors and fishermen, the man could not swim; but what was worse was that there were the other sharks close by, attracted by the splashing of their captured mate. Without waiting to pull off his coat, or kick off his shoes, Mr. Huddleston at once jumped overboard to the rescue, and it was not until he had got hold of the gunner and had seen him safely hauled on board that he began to think of himself escaping from imminent danger, for one of the sharks was already smelling at the brave young officer's cap, which had fallen off and was drifting slowly away. This act of devotion was brought to the notice of the authorities by the Commander of the "Investigator," the lamented Captain Hoskyn, and was by them reported to the Royal Humane Society; and Mr. Huddleston, in May last year, received the silver medal of the society, *pro ciye servato*. The act has now been singled out from the several hundred acts of bravery recognized by the Society for the highest honor that the Society can confer, and Mr. Huddleston is now decorated with the Stanhope Gold Medal, the first to be worn by an officer of the Indian Marine.—*Great Thoughts.*

LET US NOT delude ourselves: this is a fundamental truth,—they who are not saints in this day of grace, shall not be made saints in the day of glory.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE VI.—*(Continued.)*

"That dog's been givin' me a chase, I can tell you! He clawed and scratched so in the shed that I put him in the woodhouse; and he went and clim' up on that carpenter's bench, and pitched out that little winderat the top, and fell on to the milk-pan shelf and scattered every last one of 'em, and then upsot all my cans of termatter plants. But I could n't find him, high nor low. All to once I see 'by the dirt on the floor that he'd squirmed himself through the skeeter-nettin' door int' the house, and then I surmised where he was. Sure enough, I crep' upstairs and there he was, layin' between the two children as snug as you please. He was snorin' like a pirate when I found him, but when I stood over the bed with a candle I could see 't his wicked little eyes was wide open, and he was jest makin' b'lieve sleep in hopes I'd leave him where he was. Well, I yanked him out quicker 'n scat, 'n' locked him in the old chicken house, so I guess he'll stay out, now. For folks that claim to be no blood relations, I declare him 'n' the boy 'n' the baby beats anything I ever come across for bein' fond of one 'nother!"

There were dreams at the White Farm that night. Timothy went to sleep with a prayer on hislips; a prayer that God would excuse him for speaking of Martha's doorplate, and a most imploring postscript to the effect that God would please make Miss Vilda into a mother for Gay; thinking as he floated off into the land of Nod, "It'll be awful hard work, but I don't suppose He cares how hard 't is!"

Lady Gay dreamed of driving beautiful white horses beside sparkling waters . . . and through flowery meadows. . . . And great green birds perched on all the trees and flew towards her as if to peck the cherries of her lips . . . but when she tried to beat them off they all turned into Timothys and she hugged them close to her heart. . . .

Rags' visions were gloomy, for he knew not whether the Lady with the Firm Hand would free him from his prison in the morning, or whether he was there for all time. . . . But there were intervals of bliss when his fancies took a brighter turn . . . when Hope smiled . . . and he bit the white cat's tail . . . and chased the infant turkeys . . . and found sweet, juicy, delicious bones in unexpected places . . . and even inhaled, in exquisite anticipation, the fragrance of one particularly succulent bone that he had hidden under Miss Vilda's bed.

Sleep carried Samantha so many years back into the past that she heard the blithe din of carpenters hammering and sawing on a little house that was to be hers, his, theirs. . . . And as she watched them, with all sorts of maidenly hopes about the home that was to be . . . some one stole up behind and caught her at it, and she ran away blushing . . . and some one followed her . . . and they watched the carpenters together. . . . Somebody else lived in the little house now, and Samantha never blushed any more, but that part was mercifully hidden in the dream.

Miss Vilda's slumber was troubled. She seemed to be walking through peaceful meadows, brown with autumn, when all at once there rose in the path steep hills and rocky mountains. . . . She felt so tired and too old to climb, but there was nothing else to be done. . . . And just as she began the toilsome ascent, a little child appeared, and catching her helplessly by the skirts implored to be taken with her. . . . And she refused and went on alone . . . but, miracle of miracles, when she reached the crest of the first hill the child was there before her, still beseeching to be carried. . . . And again she refused, and again she wearily climbed the heights alone, always meeting the child when she reached their summits, and always enacting the same scene. . . . At last she cried in despair. "Ask me no more, for I have not even strength enough for my own needs!" . . . And the child said, "I will help you;" and straightway crept into her arms and nestled there as one who would not be denied . . . and she took up her burden and walked. . . . And as she climbed the weight grew lighter and lighter, till at length the clinging arms seemed to give her peace and strength . . . and when she neared the crest of the highest mountain she felt new life throbbing in her veins and new hopes stirring in her heart, and she remembered no more the pain and weariness of her journey. . . . And all at once a bright angel appeared to her and traced the letters of a word upon her forehead and took the child from her arms and disappeared. . . . And the angel had the lovely smile and sad eyes of Martha . . . and the word she traced on Miss Vilda's forehead was "Inasmuch"!

SCENE VII.

The Old Homestead.

MISTRESS AND MAID FIND TO THEIR AMAZEMENT THAT A CHILD, MORE THAN ALL OTHER GIFTS, BRINGS HOPE WITH IT AND FORWARD LOOKING THOUGHTS.

It was called the White Farm, not because that was an unusual color in Pleasant River. Nineteen out of every twenty houses in the village were painted white, for it had not then entered the casual mind that any other course was desirable or possible. Occasionally, a man of riotous imagination would substitute two shades of buff, or make the back of his barn red, but the spirit of invention stopped there, and the majority of sane people went on painting white. But Miss Avilda Cummins was blessed with a larger income than most of the inhabitants of Pleasant River, and all her buildings, the great house, the sheds, the carriage and dairy houses, the fences and the barn, were always kept in a state of dazzling purity; "as if," the neighbors declared, "S'manthy Ann Ripley went over 'em every morning with a dust-cloth."

It was merely an accident that the carriage and work horses chanced to be white, and that the original white cats of the family kept on having white kittens to decorate the front doorsteps. It was not accident, however, but design, that caused Jabe Slocum to scour the country for a good white cow and persuade Miss Cummins to swap off the old red one, so that the "critters" in the barn should match.

Miss Avilda had been born at the White Farm; father and mother had been taken from there to the old country churchyard, and "Martha, aged 17," poor, pretty, wilful Martha, the greatest pride and greatest sorrow of the family, was lying under the apple trees in the garden.

Here also the little Samantha Ann Ripley had come as a child years ago, to be playmate, nurse, and companion to Martha, and here she had stayed ever since, as friend, adviser, and "company-keeper" to the lonely Miss Cummins. Nobody in Pleasant River would have dared to think of her as anybody's "hired help," though she did receive bed and board, and a certain sum yearly for her services; but she lived with Miss Cummins on equal terms, as was the custom in the good old New England villages, doing the lion's share of the work, and marking her sense of the situation by washing the dishes while Miss Avilda wiped them, and by never suffering her to feed the pig or go down cellar.

Theirs had been a dull sort of life, in which little had happened to make them grow into sympathy with the outside world. All the sweetness of Miss Avilda's nature had turned to bitterness and gall after Martha's disgrace, sad home-coming, and death. There had been much to forgive, and she had not had the grace nor the strength to forgive it until it was too late. The mystery of death had unsealed her eyes, and there had been a moment when the sad and bitter woman might have been drawn closer to the great Father-heart, there to feel the throb of a Divine compassion that would have sweetened the trial and made the burden lighter. But the minister of the parish proved a sorry comforter and adviser in these hours of trial. The Reverend Joshua Beckwith, whose view of God's universe was about as broad as if he had lived on the inside of his own pork-barrel, had cherished certain strong and unrelenting opinions concerning Martha's final destination, which were not shared by Miss Cummins. Martha, therefore, was not laid with the elect, but was put to rest in the orchard, under the kindly, untheological shade of the apple trees; and they scattered their tinted blossoms over her little white headstone, shed their fragrance about her quiet grave, and dropped their ruddy fruit in the high grass that covered it, just as tenderly and respectfully as if they had been regulation willows. The Reverend Joshua thus succeeded in drying up the springs of human sympathy in Miss Avilda's heart when most she needed comfort and gentle teaching; and, distrusting God for the moment, as well as his inexorable priest, she left her place in the old meeting-house where she had "worshipped" ever since she acquired adhesiveness enough to stick to a pew, and was not seen there again for many years. The Reverend Joshua had died, as all men must and as most men should; and a mild-voiced successor reigned in his place; so the Cummins pew was occupied once more.

Samantha Ann Ripley had had her heart history too,—one of a different kind. She had "kept company" with Dave Milliken for a little matter of twenty years, off and on, and Miss Avilda had expected at various times to lose her friend and helpmate; but fear of this calamity had at length been quite put to rest by the fourth and final rupture of the bond, five years before.

There had always been a family feud between the Ripleys and the Millikens; and when the young people took it into their heads to fall in love with each other in spite of precedent or prejudice, they found that the course of true love ran in anything but a smooth channel. It was, in fact, a sort of village Montague and Capulet affair; but David and Samantha were no Romeo and Juliet. The climate and general conditions of life at Pleasant River were not favorable to the development of such exotics. The old people interposed barriers between the young ones as long as they lived; and when they died, Dave Milliken's spirit was broken, and he began to annoy the valiant Samantha by what she called his "meechin'" ways. In one of his moments of weakness he took a widowed sister to live with him, a certain Mrs. Pettigrove, of Edgewood, who inherited the Milliken objection to Ripleys' and who widened the breach and brought Samantha to the point of final and decisive rupture. The last straw was the statement, sown broadcast by Mrs. Pettigrove, that "Samathy Ann Ripley's father never would 'a' died if he'd ever had any doctorin'; but 'twas the gospel truth that they never had nobody to 'tend him but a hom'pathy man from Scratch Corner, who, of course, bein' a hom'pathy didn't know no more about doctorin' 'n Cooper's cow."

(To be Continued.)

DON'T FORGET that there is more health in a sunbeam than in drugs, more life in pure air than in the physician's skill. The sunlight may fade your carpets, but better that than have disease fade your cheek. The wind may tan and freckle the face, but it is better tanned and freckled than thin and sallow.—*Sanitary News.*

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE VII.—*(Continued.)*

Samantha told David after this that she didn't want to hear him open his mouth again, nor none of his folks; that she was through with the whole lot of 'em forever and ever, 'n' she wished to mercy she'd had sense enough to put her foot down fifteen years ago, 'n' she hoped he'd enjoy bein' tread *underfoot* for the rest of his natural life, 'n' she wouldn't speak to him again if she met him in her porridge dish." She then slammed the door and went upstairs to cry as if she were sixteen, as she watched him out of sight. Poor Dave Milliken! just sweet and earnest and strong enough to suffer at being worsted by circumstances, but never quite strong enough to conquer them.

And it was to this household that Timothy had brought his child for adoption.

When Miss Avilda opened her eyes, the morning after the arrival of the children, she tried to remember whether anything had happened to give her such a strange feeling of altered conditions. It was Saturday, — baking day, — that couldn't be it; and she gazed at the little dimity-curtained window and at the picture of the Deathbed of Calvin, and wondered what was the matter.

Just then a child's laugh, bright, merry, tuneful, infectious, rang out from some distant room, and it all came back to her as Samantha Ann opened the door and peered in.

"I've got breakfast 'bout ready," she said; "but I wish soon's you're dressed, you'd step down 'n' see to it, 'n' let me wash the baby. I guess water was skerse where she come from!"

"They're awake, are they?"

"Awake? Land o' liberty! As soon as 't was light, and before the boy had opened his eyes, Gay was up 'n' poundin' on all the doors, 'n' hollerin' 'S'manfy' (beats all how she got holt o' my name so quick!), so 't I thought sure she'd disturb your sleep. See here Vildy, we want those children should look respectable the few days they're here. I don't see how we can rig out the boy, but there's those old things of Marthy's in the attic; seems like it might be a blessin' on 'em if we used 'em this way."

"I thought of it myself in the night," answered Vilda briefly. "You will find the key of the trunk in the light stand drawer. You see to the children, and I'll get breakfast on the table. Has Jabe come?"

"No; he sent a boy to milk, 'n' said he'd be right along. You know what that means!"

Miss Vilda moved about the immaculate kitchen, frying potatoes and making tea, setting on extra portions of bread and doughnuts and a huge pitcher of milk; while various noises, strange enough in that quiet house, floated down from above.

"This is dreadful hard on Samanthy," she reflected. "I don't know's I'd ought to have put it on her, knowing how she hates confusion and company, and all that; but she seemed to think we'd got to tough it out for a spell, any way; though I don't expect her temper 'll stand the strain very long."

The fact was, Samantha was banging doors and slatting tin pails about furiously to keep up an ostentatious show of ill humor. She tried her best to grunt with displeasure when Gay, seated in a washtub, crowed and beat the water with her dimpled hands, so that it splashed all over the carpet; but all the time there was such a joy tugging at her heart-strings as they had not felt for years.

When the bath was over, clean petticoats and ankle-ties were chosen out of the old leather trunk, and finally a little blue and white lawn dress. It was too long in the skirt, and pending the moment when Samantha should "take a tuck in it," it anticipated the present fashion, and made Lady Gay look more like a disguised princess than ever. The gown was low-necked and short-sleeved, in the old style; and Samantha was in despair till she found some little embroidered muslin capes and full undersleeves, with which she covered Gay's pink neck and arms. These things of beauty so wrought upon the child's excitable nature that she could hardly keep still long enough to have her hair curled; and Samantha, as the shining rings dropped off her horny forefinger, was wrestling with the Evil one, in the shape of a little box of jewellery that she had found with the clothing. She knew that the wish was a vicious one, and that such gewgaws were out of place on a little pauper just taken in for the night; but her fingers trembled with a desire to fasten the little gold ears of corn on the shoulders, or tie the strings of coral beads round the child's pretty throat.

When the toilet was completed, and Samantha was emptying the tub, Gay climbed on the bureau and imprinted sloppy kisses of sincere admiration on the radiant reflection of herself in the little looking-glass; then, getting down again, she seized her heap of Minerva Court clothes, and, before the astonished Samantha could interpose, flung them out the second-story window where they fell on the top of the lilac bushes.

"Me doesn't like nasty old dress," she explained, with a dazzling smile that was a justification in itself; "me likes pretty new dress!" and then' with one hand reaching up to the door-knob, and the other throwing disarming kisses to Samantha, —"By-by! Lady Gay go circus now! Timfy, come, take Lady Gay to circus!"

There was no time for discipline then, and she was borne to the breakfast-table, where Timothy was already making acquaintance with Miss Vilda.

Samantha entered, and Vilda glancing at her nervously, perceived with relief that she was "taking things easy." Ah! but it was lucky for poor David Milliken that he couldn't see her at that moment. Her whole face had relaxed; her mouth was no longer a thin, hard line, but had a certain curve and fulness, borrowed perhaps from the warmth of innocent baby-kisses. Embarrassment and stifled joy had brought a rosier color to her cheek; Gay's vandal hand had ruffled the smoothness of her sandy locks, so that a few stray hairs were absolutely curling with amazement that they had escaped from their sleek bondage; in a word, Samantha Ann Ripley was lovely and lovable!

Timothy had no eyes for any one save his beloved Gay, at whom he gazed with unspeakable admiration, thinking it impossible that any human being, with a single eye in its head, could refuse to take such an angel when it was in the market.

Gay, not being used to a regular morning toilet, had fought against it valiantly at first; but the tonic of the bath itself and the exercise of war had brought the color to her cheeks and the brightness to her eyes. She had forgiven Samantha, she was ready to be on good terms with Miss Vilda, she was at peace with all the world. That she was eating the bread of dependence did not trouble her in the least! No royal visitor, conveying honor by her mere presence, could have carried off a delicate situation with more distinguished grace and ease. She was perched on a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and immediately began blowing bubbles in her mug of milk in the most reprehensible fashion and glancing up after each naughty effort with an irrepressible gurgle of laughter, in which she looked so bewitching, even with a milky crescent over her red mouth, that she would have melted the heart of the most predestinate old misogynist in Christendom.

Timothy was not so entirely at his ease. His eyes had looked into life only a few more summers, but their "radiant morning visions" had been dispelled; experience had tempered joy, Gay, however, had not arrived at an age where people's motives can be suspected for an instant. If there had been any possible plummet with which to sound the depths of her unconscious philosophy, she apparently looked upon herself as a guest out of heaven, flung down upon this hospitable planet with the single responsibilty of enjoying its treasures.

SCENE VIII.

The Old Garden.

JABE AND SAMANTHA EXCHANGE HOSTILITIES, AND THE FORMER SAYS A GOOD WORD FOR THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

"God Almighty first planted a garden, and it is indeed the purest of all human pleasures," said Lord Bacon, and Miss Vilda would have agreed with him. Her garden was not simply the purest of all her pleasures, it was her only one; and the love that other people gave to family, friends, or kindred she lavished on her posies.

It was a dear, old-fashioned, odorous garden, where Dame Nature had never been forced but only assisted to do her duty. Miss Vilda sowed her seeds in the spring-time wherever there chanced to be room, and they came up and flourished and went to seed just as they liked, those being the only duties required of them. Two splendid groups of fringed "pinies," the pride of Miss Avilda's heart, grew just inside the gate, and hard by the handsomest dahlias in the village, quilled beauties like carved rosettes of gold and coral and ivory. There was plenty of feathery "sparrow-grass," so handy to fill the black and yawning chasms of summer fireplaces and furnish green for "bouquets." There was a stray peach or greengage tree here and there, and if a plain, well-meaning carrot chanced to lift its leaves among the poppies, why, they were all the children of the same mother, and Miss Vilda was not the woman to root out the invader and fling it into the ditch. There was a bed of yellow tomatoes, where, in the season, a hundred tiny golden balls hung among the green leaves; and just beside them, in friendly equality, a tangle of pink sweet-williams, fragrant phlox, delicate bride's-tears, canterbury bells blue as the June sky, none-so-pretties, gay cockscombs, and flaunting marigolds, which would insist on coming up all together, summer after summer, regardless of color harmonies. Last, but not least, there was a patch of sweet peas,

"on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white.

These dispensed their sweet odors so generously that it was a favorite diversion among the village children to stand in rows outside the fence, and, elevating their bucolic noses, simultaneously "sniff Miss Cummins' peas." The garden was large enough to have little hills and dales of its own, and its banks sloped gently down to the river. There was a gnarled apple tree hidden by a luxuriant wild grapevine, a fit bower for a "lov'd Celia" or a "fair Rosamond." There was a spring, whose crystal waters were "cabined, cribbed, confined" within a barrel sunk in the earth; a brook singing its way among the alder bushes, and dripping here and there into pools, over which the blue-harebells leaned to see themselves. There was a summer-house, too, on the brink of the hill; a weather-stained affair, with a hundred names carved on its venerable lattices, —names of youths and maidens who had stood there in the moonlight and plighted rustic vows.

If you care to feel a warm glow in the region of your heart, imagine little Timothy Jessup sent to play in that garden, —sent to play for almost the first time in his life! Imagine it, I ask, for there are some things too sweet to prick with a pin-point. Timothy stayed there fifteen minutes, and running back to the house in a state of intoxicated delight went up to Samantha, and laying an insistent hand on hers said excitedly, "Oh, Samanthy, you didn't tell me—there is shining water down in the garden; not so big as the ocean, nor so still as the harbor, but a kind of baby river running along by itself with the sweetest noise. Please, Miss Vilda, may I take Gay to see it, and will it hurt it if I wash Rags it it?"

"Let 'em all go," suggested Samantha: "there's Jabe dwadlin' along the road, and they might as well be out from under foot."

"Don't be too hard on Jabe this morning, Samanthy, — he's been to see the Baptist minister at Edgewood; you know he's going to be baptized some time next month."

"Well, he needs it! But land sakes! you couldn't make them Slocums pious 'f you kep on baptizin' of 'em till the crack o' doom. I never hearn tell of a Slocum's gittin' baptized in July. They always take 'em after the freshets in the spring o' the year, 'n' then they have to be turrible careful to douse 'em lengthways of the river. Look at him, will ye? I b'lieve he's grown sence yesterday! If he'd ever stood stiff on his feet when he was a boy, he needn't 'a' been so everlastin' tall; but he was forever roostin' on fences' with his laigs danglin', 'n' the heft of his feet stretched 'em out, — it couldn't do no dif'rent. I ain't got no patience with him."

"Jabe has considerable many good points," said Miss Cummins loyally; "he's faithful, — you always know where to find him."

"Good reason why," retorted Samantha. "You always know where to find him 'cause he gen'ally haint moved sence you seen him last. Gittin' religion ain't goin' to help him much. If he ever hears tell 'bout the gate of heaven bein' open 't the last day, he won't 'a' begun to begin thinkin' 'bout gittin' in tell he hears the door shet in his face; 'n' then he'll set ri' down's comf'table's if he was inside, 'n' say, 'Wall, better luck next time: slow an' sure 's my motto?' Good-mornin', Jabe, — had your dinner?"

"I ain't even hed my breakfast," responded Mr. Slocum easily.

"Blessed are the lazy folks, for they always git there chores done for 'em," remarked Samantha scathingly, as she went to the buttery for provisions.

"Wall," said Laigs, looking at her with his most irritating smile, as he sat down at the kitchen table, "I don't find I git thru any more work by tumblin' out o' bed 't sun-up 'n I dew 'f I lay a spell 'n' let the univarse get het up 'n' runnin' a leetle mite. 'Slow 'n' easy goes fur in a day' 's my motto. Rhapseny, she used to say she should think I'd be ashamed to lay abed so late. 'Wall, I be,' s' I, 'but I'd ruther be ashamed 'n git up!" But you're an awful good cook, Samanthy, if ye air allers in a hurry, 'n if yer hev got a sharp tongue!"

"The less you say 'bout my tongue the better!" snapped Samantha.

"Right you are," answered Jabe with a good-natured grin, as he went on with his breakfast. He had a huge appetite, another grievance in Samantha's eyes. She always said "there was no need of his being so slab-sided 'n' slack-twisted 'n' knuckle-jointed, —that he eat enough in all conscience, but he wouldn't take the trouble to find the vituals that would fat him up 'n' fill out his bag o' bones."

Just as Samantha's well-cooked viands began to disappear in Jabe's capacious mouth (he always ate precisely as if he were stoking an engine) his eye rested upon a strange object by the wood-box, and he put down his knife and ejaculated, "Well, I swan! Now when 'n' where 'd see that baby-shay? Why, 'twas yesterday. Well, I vow, them young ones was comin' here, was they?"

"What young ones?" asked Miss Vilda, exchanging astonished glances with Samantha.

"And don't begin at the book o' Genesis 'n' go clean through the Bible, 's you genally do. Start right in on Revelations, where you belong," put in Samantha; for to see a man unexpectedly loaded to the muzzle with news, and too lazy to fire it off, was enough to try the patience of a saint; and even David Milliken would hardly have applied that term to Samantha Ann Ripley.

(To be Continued.)

A SONG OF SNOW-TIME.

Sing a song of snow-time,
Now it's passing by.
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky
When the ground is covered,
And the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the Chickadees.

Boys are in the school-house,
Drawing on their slates
Pictures of the costing-place,
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of a gay time,
When the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Bang! goes the bell:
Get your hats, and coats, and wraps,
Hurry off, pell-mell!
Bring along the coasters all,
If you want some fun:
Up to the hilltop,
Jump and slide and run.

Steady now! Ready now!
Each in his place!
Here we go, there we go,
Down on a race!
Sing a song of snow-time,
When the flakes fall;
Coast-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

TAKING THE TIDE AT THE FLOOD.

Not long ago four old friends sat down to a little dinner together in New York. One of them was a famous lawyer. They naturally fell to talking over old times, and, as men of fifty are rather apt to do, whether rightly or not, they agreed that young men now-a-days are not what they used to be.

"I have had a striking illustration of that fact to-day," said the lawyer, with a shrug of impatience. "A young fellow has had a desk in my office for perhaps six months. He seemed bright, and came to me with a recommendation from a man in whom I have confidence. He said that if I would only give him a chance, that was all he wanted. He was willing to 'do anything,' and all that sort of talk. Well, nothing but routine work has happened to come in to be thrown into that boy's way, until about a week ago, when I was short for time to look up some points about an important case which is taking up most of our attention at the office just now. 'Here,' thought I, 'is a chance for our young friend. Let's see if there is any stuff in him.' I sat down by him and explained that I should like him to hunt up all the evidence he could find bearing on this subject. After having made the thing as plain as the nose on a man's face, I added: Now if you want to know anything further about this matter, come right to me. There is no immediate hurry,' I said, as I turned away; 'but inside of a week we shall want everything connected with this point of the case put into perfect order.' He said, 'All right, sir,' and I dropped the whole affair off my mind, for I have been completely absorbed in an entirely different part of the same case. To-day it occurred to me that I hadn't heard anything from him, and that by to-morrow or next day the papers ought to be in hand. I went around and asked him how he was getting on. He told me, with considerable hesitation, that he had been meaning to come and tell me that—he—'hadn't exactly—understood,' and so forth. 'Then why didn't you come to me, as I told you to do?' I asked him, pretty shortly. He stammered out a lot more about its being a big job for a little fellow of his inexperience; and then I fairly roared, 'I was trying to give you some experience!' Then I got away as fast as I could. I was afraid that I should say something that I should be sorry for. But the young man is done for, as far as I am concerned. I shall get rid of him as soon as I possibly can. What a chance he had! Just such a chance as I had at his age—only I seized it. I knew it was a chance. This fellow acted as though he didn't know a chance when he saw it."

"How was it that you got your start?" asked one of the party. "I don't believe you ever told us."

"Oh, it isn't much of a story," said the great lawyer, modestly; "but it meant a good deal to me just the same. I was fixed something as this boy is—the one I have been telling you about—in the office of a law firm who were doing a big business. I had had a clerk's work for about six months, and was beginning to think that I never should get a chance to do anything else, though I had seized every opportunity that I could make or find to tell the head men of the firm that I was ready to try my hand at anything they had a mind to give me. Summer-time came around, and things were as dull as dull. The rest were all going off on their vacations, and at last my turn came. I packed my trunk early in the morning, and had written my friends to expect me by the first train that left that city after office hours that night. I felt pretty blue when I wrote, too. I knew they would all ask me how I was getting on, and I wasn't getting on at all. I had made up my mind that I had been a fool to think I ever should be able to do any law business anyway. I thought, with some show of reason, that if I really had any stuff in me some of these smart men at the office would have found it out by this time and would have given me something to do. Well, noon passed, and it ran along to three o'clock. It was a hot day, and I was beginning to think that it was time I was clearing my desk, when I saw the head of the firm coming toward my desk. My heart began to beat. I felt somehow as though something was going to happen. 'See here,' he began, calling me by name. 'Here's something which ought to be done right away. The case itself isn't a hard one, but it is coming on in two or three weeks, and I can't see to it myself. You have mentioned that you would like any business which we could turn over to you. You can have this, if you like, and we'll see what sort of a brief you can get up.' He went on to explain matters a little, and then left me. My young friend down at the office would probably have said that he was very sorry, but he could not take the job, as his trunk was all packed, and he didn't wish to undertake any work till after the vacation. But such an idea never entered my mind. I rushed to the telegraph office, sent word to my friends that I was unexpectedly detained, worked at my case all that evening and was up bright and early in the morning to go at it again. It seemed to grow hotter and hotter, but I paid no attention to the weather. I had made a memorandum of the original statement so that I didn't need to go to him again. In ten days—and I never worked harder—my brief was ready. My legs shook when I went to the front office and laid it before my employer. All of that night I worried for fear I had forgotten something, but I couldn't think of anything to be done any better than I had done it. The next morning—I believe it was the happiest moment of my life—the old man came to me and told me my brief was all right; and I never had any lack of work from that time on."

Another of the group, whose name is as well known as perhaps any other in connection with the colossal commerce of New York, remarked at this point: "You are right about the importance of recognizing the chance when it comes. There is everything in it. It is a pity that boys can't understand it. Now, my own experience was something like yours. I was keeping books in the old store of —— & ——when I one day heard the head of the firm say to one of the partners that he wished he knew of somebody who could write some circulars and advertisements for them. 'It ought to be some one who knows our business well,' he said, 'and yet he ought to know how to express himself better than most business men have been trained to.' He went on more at length to explain what he wanted, but the others did not seem to know of anybody who could fill the bill. I went home that night thinking all the way about those advertisements. I had some knack at writing myself, but I was naturally pretty bashful, and I didn't care to say right out that I thought I could write anything so important as Mr. —— seemed to think this new work to be. But the next morning I screwed my courage up, and told him that I had had a fair education and would like to try my hand at those advertisements which I had heard him asking about the day before. He was a little surprised at first, but he told me fully what he wanted, and I wrote the things—wrote them over and over and almost wore out a dictionary and a thesaurus over it—and they turned out to be just what were wanted. I believe that I might have been keeping books to-day in some little back office at fifty dollars a month if I hadn't caught at that chance. A man has got to be faithful and honest and ready in order to get taken into a firm on his merits—that goes without saying. But I don't believe that I should ever have become a partner in that house, as I did a year after that time (and that was the beginning of my success), if I hadn't seen my chance and had the courage, in the face of inexperience and a knowledge that I had no special ground for expecting favors, to snap at it."

These sentiments were warmly indorsed by every man who was present.—*Christian Union.*

ALL WATCHES COMPASSES.

A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman when I expressed a wish to know which point was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch. "All watches," he replied "are compasses." Then he explained to me how this was. "Point the hour hand to the sun and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII. on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is four o'clock; point the hand indicating four to the sun, and II. on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is eight o'clock; point the hand indicating eight to the sun, and the figure X. on the watch is due south." My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibly I was ignorant of a thing that every one else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I asked that eminent traveller whether he was aware of the simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said that he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance. Amalfi is proud of having been the home of the inventor of the compass. I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as a citizen.—*London Truth.*

THE TEST.

HOW A BRIGHT SCHOLAR WON A COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

The principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling one boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence, she was in the habit of visiting lawyer's offices, carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect and dismissed with kindly promises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control.

Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys, and, after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."—*M. E. Safford, in Christian Union.*

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